

BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXXIII.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1894.

NO. 1,661.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER, ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by

R. M. & A. C. FOLGER

Every Saturday Evening.

TERMS:

For one year (in advance)..... \$2 00

For three months..... 1 00

For six months..... 1 50

Corner of Bryant and School Streets.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Superior Judge..... Wm. H. Virden.

Sheriff and Tax Collector..... M. P. Hays.

County Clerk..... John D. Murphy.

Recorder..... Joseph A. Brown.

Treasurer..... C. F. Hayes.

Deputy Treasurer..... John J. Welch.

Assessor..... William H. Virden.

Coroner and Public Administrator..... A. P. Sayre.

Superintendent of Schools..... Cornelia Richards.

Superintendent of the Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the Jail..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the House of Correction..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Superintendent of the State Prison..... W. W. Reed.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NO WHISTLING IN BERLIN.

Magician Kellar's Very Unpleasant Adventure in India

He Thinks It Was the Clever Trick of a Fakir, But Cannot Tell How It Was Done—At Any Rate the Fellow Got Money for Kidding the Rapids.

"I had been in India a number of times and had visited all the principal cities," says Magician Kellar, "when in 1888 I found myself in the city of Lucknow. I had been in the city long enough to have acquired the enmity of the people and was falling easily into their listless, luxurious ways, when one morning this adventure befell me and caused me to realize once more all that sense of serene peaceful quiet that I had before possessed. In India in the summer season it is too hot to sleep upon mattresses under much bed clothing. I lay in the neat little bungalow where I was stopping I had a bamboo cot without a mattress, and my only covering was a linen sheet. I had rested there in comfort for many nights, when a Hindu fakir entered the door. He was a tall, dark, solemn-faced individual, and saluted me profoundly. He entered. I sat up on the edge of my cot to get a good look at him. He looked me up and down, then slowly drew from his breast cloth a small reptile. "Heap big snake in sahib's bed," he ejaculated in the same calm, unassuming manner.

"Snakes in my bed!" I yelled, as I bounded to the floor with visions of writhing, hissing cobras in my mind. "Where?"

"In sahib's bed—heap snake," the fakir replied, as he slowly released a small earthenware pot or jar from his girdle. Then he placed the reptile on his lips and proceeded to suck it from it the most painful music I ever listened to. Serpents, fakirs would have been welcome if that music could have been banished, I thought, but I watched the bed my sentiments underwent a rapid change.

"In the middle of the couch, underneath the sheet, I saw something moving. The sheet became elevated in a conical form and there was a hissing and spitting underneath it that made my blood run cold. Then there emerged from the edge of the covering the slim, horrible head of a monster cobra that wasn't an inch less than eight feet long, and slowly slid from the bed and coiled himself upon the floor. I stood looking at him with my eyes bulging with terror.

"The doleful, seductive, plaintive strain of the pipe continued and the head of the monster slowly arose to a level with the top of the bed. He looked at me and he moved every sign of intense anger. The reptile music grew faster and faster and the oscillating motion of the serpent's head kept time to it. The little pipe shrieked and the fakir was perspiring from every pore. His eyes were better from his head and his foot was keeping double time to his piping. Shriiller and more penetrating grew the notes, until of a sudden they became again plaintive and sad; the time was slower, the tune sweet and harmonious. The motions of the monster's head were slower and slower, and then the fakir's hand stole quickly to his side. A sword leaped out, there was a flash, a glint of steel and the cobra's head rolled upon the floor, while the dismembered body crashed itself about the apartment, shattered to the door, and overcame by nervous strain, and the fakir was over. The mattered back of the fakir was generously responsive to you, may be sure, and he left my bungalow, leaving only the severed head and body of the cobra as reminders of the scene through which I had passed.

"How was it done? I don't know. I never knew whether that sound brought the snake in with him or not, but while he was playing I saw him crowding another cobra, as big as the first, into that little earthen pot which he carried at his girdle."

ONE OF THE MANY RAILWAY NUISANCES FORBIDDEN IN THE GERMAN CITY'S STREETS.

The Berlin police are permanently under instructions to repress whistling, whether recreative or utilitarian, with the utmost rigor, and display unrelenting energy in carrying out their orders to the letter.

Whistling in public is not only repugnant to the German apprehensions of "di hoher Bildung," or "higher culture," says a writer in the London Telegraph, but actually constitutes a minor misdemeanor, and as such is punishable by fine, with the inevitable alternative of imprisonment. The former penalty was recently incurred by a hall porter of a fashionable hotel, Unter den Linden, who persisted in sounding his whistle to summon a cab for a client of the establishment after having been forbidden to do so by an agent of the law. Appearing from the sentence of the police authorities to the judgment of a civil court, the porter pleaded that from time immemorial it had been the custom in Berlin to whistle for cabs, and, according to the relative quality or capacity of the vehicle required. This plea, however, the judge rejected as irrelevant to the point at issue—to wit, the illegality of whistling in a public thoroughfare—and further mulcted the appellant in the sum of three marks "for making a noise that disturbed the repose of the public."

The Prussian police authorities—to their credit and praise be it admitted—are inflexible in prohibiting the performance of street bands; they only grant organ grinding licenses to a few infirm old soldiers, who, moreover, are not permitted to work their instruments of torture in roadways or sidewalks, but only in certain prescribed open places, or in the court yards of private houses, at the special request of their inmates. On the other hand, they are overtolerant with regard to the manner of street cries and to the distracting clamor raised by the children on their way to and from school at certain hours of the day. Prussia is conspicuously a music loving and a music making country. As the inhabitants of its cities, however, for the most part live in flats, they are not allowed to play or sing in their apartments after ten o'clock p. m., unless with the express consent of the persons residing immediately above or below them, whose innate right to enjoy unbroken rest "o' nights" they are bound to respect. Nor may they keep on their premises any furred or feathered animals addicted to the nocturnal utterance of sounds that "murder sleep," and give rise to irritation of temper. The conscientious dog prompted by a sense of duty to bark all night, if notoriously vociferous, has to be severely eliminated from the precincts of a Prussian townhouse.

EVIL OMENS OF THE SEA.

Some Things Which a Sailor Dreads to See While on a Voyage.

A sailor always regards the presence of a shark about a ship as a most fatal omen to the sick on board. The highest exultation ever witnessed on a man-of-war, according to the Boston Transcript, was occasioned by happening a shark that was hanging about while a favorite was sick; but the appearance of a shark is often fatal to the life of a bather in the ocean as well as a sailor upon it, and it is quite as much to be dreaded. Ghosts of all sorts and kinds prefer traveling by water to almost any other mode, and our own Cotton Mather tells us of a speaker that visited a colonial ship, carrying off in a ghostly canoe seven of a crew at a time. He also says: "Many persons who have died at sea have been seen within a day of their death by friends at home." As late as the seventeenth century they tell a story of a ship about to sail for England that had as passengers a strange man and a girl of great beauty. So mysterious were their actions that they were supposed to be demons, and many feared to sail in the ship. The vessel sailed on Friday and never reached its destination, but appeared as narrated, after a storm that lasted three days:

Nearer and nearer the ship came on
With all her broad sails spread;
The night grew thick, but a phantom light
Around her path was shed,
And the waters shuddered as she came,
For against the wind she sped.

Longfellow also tells a similar story in his "Phantom Ship," while all lovers of good music will remember the story of the opera "The Flying Dutchman." There is a superstition that a ship no longer seaworthy, just before breaking up between the strains of wind and wave, has been known to give forth wailing sounds like moaning. "The sailor cannot account for this, but he knows too well its import and loses heart at the melancholy sound. This is also noticed by Cooper in his "Red Rover," where one of the characters is made to say: "A ship which is about to sink makes her lamentations just like any other human being."

WONDROUS EXPERIMENTS.

The Serbian Electrician, Tesla, Able to Furnish Light Without Using Wires.

It is not an extravagant statement to say that never before in the history of the world has there been a scientific discovery about which centered such magnificent dreams as are being built up on certain recently discovered electrical principles. Among these the foremost place, according to the Springfield Republican, must be given to the astounding discoveries of the young Serbian genius, Nikola Tesla, which are so novel and so extraordinary that the most imaginative of inventors would be beginning to think that they knew all that could be learned about electricity, and that further improvement must be in the line of more perfect mechanical application. Mr. Tesla shows us the electric fluid under conditions in which it differs from ordinary electricity as much as light differs from heat. A current of two thousand volts will kill a man in the twinkling of an eye, but this modern wizard lets currents pour through his hands with a potential of two hundred thousand volts, vibrating a million times a second and showering from him in dazzling streams of light.

The wildest dream of the inventor could not have foreseen that while currents of low frequency are deadly, these are harmless. Mr. Tesla says that he will soon be able to wrap himself in a complete sheet of electric fire that will keep a man warm at the north pole without harming him. Neither Merlin nor Michael Scott nor any of the wizards of old ever wrought a more potent miracle, even in fancy. The meaning of this is too far beyond us to be realized at present. We can no more grasp its significance than Franklin could discern the electric motor in his captured thunderbolt. Equally astounding and with more visible usefulness is Mr. Tesla's discovery that currents of such enormous potential and frequency can be transmitted without the use of wires. A room can be filled with electricity from copper plates in ceiling and floor, so that electric lamps will burn without any connecting wire as soon as they are brought in. In the same way, intelligence and power may be transmitted without a circuit, doing away with the necessity for trolleys, storage batteries and subways. When it is considered that such startling changes as this are already theoretically possible, it will be seen that in the inventions upon which we so complacently congratulate ourselves we have only timidly paddled along the shore of the great sea yet to be explored.

CHILD ENTERTAINERS.

They Are Employed by Many London Society Leaders.

It is not a little amusing to hear of a child against child entertainers; those poor little mites with pale cheeks, sunken eyes and old faces who are expected to amuse a mixed company with music, hall patter and coster ditties, writes Lady Violet Greville in the London Graphic. If the little creatures understand what they sing, we believe them; it is terrible to contemplate their future. If they do not, they are no better than well-trained monkeys and ought to give less pleasure to a grown-up audience. Child-life is beautiful in itself in its natural grace and unconsciousness and innocent selfishness, but a child who nods and winks and intones like a low comedian, with leering glance, allusive gestures and a repertory of double meanings, is to me positively repulsive. Clever, no doubt, the performance is, and perhaps it may do the child's moral nature no great harm, but suffer it must in its physical constitution.

Dragged from party to party, spending its life in the most excitement, spoiled by the guests, fed on cakes and sweets, breathing the vitiated air of hot rooms and educated in an atmosphere of slang, low fun and hard work, there can be little hope of a healthy and happy future for it. If we must have music hall artists to entertain our flabby, effete and worn-out company let them at least be men and women who understand what they say and are able to take care of themselves, not poor little farmed-out mites bringing grist to the mill of their elders. What the life means was vividly impressed on me once when I said to the child singer, at an hour long past midnight: "I am sure you must be tired. I hope you haven't far to go," and she answered: "Only three buses and then we're at home."

Early Prejudice Against Women Doctors.

Medicine as a profession for women is less than fifty years old. Dr. Mary Zakrevska, of Boston, has recently published an interesting account of the struggles of the pioneers in this particular field. Harriet Hunt and Elizabeth Blackwell were stirred by the idea that an important work might be done by well-instructed medical women. The materialization of this view resulted in complete social ostracism, impossible to be endured by any but the strongest and most courageous women. No woman doctor ever earned a living before 1860. No respectable family in any commonly respectable neighborhood would let rooms to a woman physician. Even when friends gave her shelter, business card or sign was not allowed. The lack of practical training was really the stumbling block and the cause of all this prejudice.

QUEBEC'S HUNTING GROUNDS.

Plenty of Big Game to Be Had Close at Hand.

Quebec is at the edge of a great wilderness reaching all the way to the north pole. Without doubt, says the New York Sun, it is the nearest to big game of any city east of the Mississippi and north of Mexico. Moose and caribou are so close at hand that men are willing to try for them within a few hours of the city, and to guarantee the getting of them in a day's journey or less. The moose roam all over the country south of the St. Lawrence, and are perhaps most plentiful east of the Maine border. The caribou field extends all the way into and across Labrador, there being two varieties, the wood caribou and the barren ground caribou, the latter being the larger beast. Visitors to the great carnival at Quebec were surprised at the great number of freshly slaughtered moose and caribou then in the city. They not only figured on the floats in the grand procession but they were to be found in the dwellings and offices of the sportsmen and in the clubs. The trout that has been caught by fishing through the ice were positively enormous. Some were more than a foot in length, and more than an inch thick at the thickest part. They were not only speckled but their skins were suffused with a brilliant reddish tinge. These fish abound all around Quebec and are as little trouble to get as any game fish in the world. Two accompaniments of the ordinary wilderness country were very disappointing. They were the Indians and the Indian curiosities. The Indians were always in evidence, but they were more white than red, and more French than anything else. Ordinarily they looked and dressed like the rest of the habitants, but when they put on their aboriginal toggery for the great carnival parade of it proved to be a most extraordinary headgear of short feathers. They were turkey feathers apparently, although most of the American Indians despise the turkey as a cowardly bird unfit to eat and unworthy to be dealt with at all. Whatever the feathers were, they were arranged like a mop, and on the heads of the Indians they looked like the new-fashioned paper lamp shades which the women are making. These headresses were the only Indian curios worth having. The headwork sold as Huron war is such as the Long Island farmers sell at Fulton and Washington markets. Flowers were the principal designs, and flowers are things that the true Indian never works into a pattern in any tribe in any part of the country.

PRECIOUS BUGS.

How They Saved the Orange Trees of Southern California.

Orange grovers in the San Gabriel and San Bernardino valley tell an interesting story of how they destroyed a pest which threatened the destruction of the industry in this country. A few years ago the trees were attacked by an insect known as scale. So rapidly did the pest propagate that within a few weeks the bark of the trees was white with them. Drastic remedies were applied, but without avail. So serious was the outlook that many of the grovers were on the point of cutting down their immense groves. One day a young man suggested a novel plan for the speedy extermination of the pest. He said that there existed in Australia a species of lady bug which existed on insects that cling to trees. He received a consignment of thirty-eight of these bugs by the next steamer. One grover who had ten thousand trees and probably one hundred thousand million scale on all of them bought eight of the precious bugs and placed them to the best advantage in his orchard. He tells this story:

"Three days after I made the experiment I went into the grove. The trees were as white as ever with the pest. I told my friend that I thought my lady bugs a failure. He advised me to be patient, for, he said, it was likely that the bugs were breeding before making their onslaught on the scale. Three days later I again visited the orchard and found the trees as clean as a whistle. Not one of the insects was visible. Neither were the lady bugs. Having finished their work they flew away and I have not seen them since. More bugs were released in other orchards and in the course of a month there was not an orange tree in the valley afflicted by the pest. We now keep a stock of the bugs in hand so that in case the scale returns we'll be ready to fight it again. The bugs sell for twenty-five dollars apiece. But they are worth that money and more, too, for they have saved every orange tree in the country."

Bottling Tears.

The custom of bottling tears in Persia is peculiar to the people of Persia. There it constitutes an important part of the obsequies of the dead. As the mourners are sitting round and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool or sponge with which to wipe away the tears. The cotton wool or sponge is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious restorative for those whom every other medicine has failed to revive. It is to this custom that allusion is made in Psalm lvi, 8: "Put thou thy tears into thy bottle."

THE AUTHOR OF "SPARTACUS."

Continued by Edith Kallgren When I Studied at Andover.

Talking with a correspondent of the Boston Herald Rev. Edith Kallgren, of Haverhill, Me., thus described how he wrote that favorite declamation of school boys: "Spartacus to the Rescue!"

"It was while I was at Andover," said he, smiling, as the remembrance of the event came back to him. "I was required to prepare speeches for our rhetorical exercises, and after each had been spoken he was subjected to criticism by his fellows—and their comments were always complimentary as they were pointed. When the professor would follow with various criticisms, and he always found faults that needed correcting."

"So these speeches came to be looked upon with dread, and at last I made up my mind that I'd try to get something so different from anything we had had and so interesting that it would hold their attention too closely for them to think about points on which to criticize me, and so I wrote 'Spartacus.'"

"Well, I wrote 'Spartacus.' When I began it worked just as I had expected. They were so taken by surprise that they never thought of anything but the speech. You could have heard a pin drop at any time while I was speaking, and they did not recover until I had finished and had come down to ask for criticism."

"Then when Prof. Payne turned to the students and inquired: 'What criticism have you to offer, young gentlemen?' there wasn't one of them but a word to say, for they were all thinking of the piece and hadn't noticed anything else."

"Gentlemen," said the professor, "we are not here for theological disquisitions nor for learned arguments, but these exercises are purely rhetorical, and gentlemen, that is rhetoric!"

"Then, turning to me, he remarked: 'I could criticize you, Kallgren, but I don't know whether it would do you more good or harm, and so, on the whole, I think I will say nothing.'"

"So," added the old gentleman, with a chuckle, "I escaped criticism."

FLOWERS OF THE NIGHT.

Especially Adapted to Attract Winged Insects.

As we all know, there are day-blooming and night-blooming flowers, says the Cornhill Magazine. The former lay themselves out for the fertilizing visits of bees and butterflies; they are generally decked in red, blue, yellow or purple, and have often lines, spots or markings on their petals which point to the nectaries and so act as honey guides. The night-blooming flowers, on the other hand, lay themselves out for the visits of moths or other crepuscular insects, and therefore have recourse to something like the tactics of the fireflies and the glow-worms. They are usually pure white and the petals are often of such peculiar texture that they seem to glow with internal light in the dim shades of evening. At times one might almost fancy they were stained by nature with some curious forerunner of luminous paint, so strongly do they reflect every invisible ray of the faint twilight. They thus succeed in catching the eyes of moths, which, of course, are especially modified for receiving and perceiving the slender stimulus of dusk and the glowing.

But the nocturnal flowers have no honey or spots, because these last could never be perceived in the gray gloom of evening. They make up for it, however, by being heavily scented; indeed, almost all the strong white flowers, like jessamine, tuberose, gardenia, stephanotis, cereus and syringa, which are such favorites with florists, belong to night-blooming plants, specially adapted to attract the eyes and noses of night-flying insects.

WOMAN MAYOR IN NEW ZEALAND

Now Filling the Chair Occupied Some Years Ago by a Man.

The colonies have once more stolen a march on the mother country, says the London Daily News. While the house of commons has been debating timidly whether or not to allow women to sit in various local bodies, the people in a township in New Zealand have actually elected a woman mayor of the borough. The name of the lady who has thus achieved the distinction of being the first female mayor elected within the British empire is Mrs. Yates; that of the borough which elected her, Oshanga. A further circumstance of interest about this election is that the lady's husband, Capt. Yates, was himself mayor of the same borough a few years ago. The mayors of New Zealand towns are, we may add, usually—though not, we believe, necessarily—created justices of the peace, and in view of the existence of female suffrage in the colony it is confidently expected that her worship Mrs. Yates will promptly be raised to the magisterial bench. Meanwhile we gather from some of the New Zealand papers that the burning question in Oshanga is, for the moment, one of names. Is Mrs. Yates "mayor" or "mayoress"? On this point there is, however, little difference of opinion or difficulty. The lady has been elected mayor, and mayor she is to be called. The person discharging the duties of this office is always so designated in all acts of parliament from William the Conqueror downward.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT?

For a

small fee, I will

write you a

handbook of

information

concerning

patents and

copyrights, and

show you how

to obtain them

and how to

protect your

inventions.

Write for

your free

copy today.

Address

MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

THE
CHRONICLE-UNION
IS THE
PIONEER JOURNAL
OF
THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE
MOUNTAINS.
IN CALIFORNIA.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT MAY 5, 1894.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

R. C. BAKER—Merchants' Exchange.
L. P. FISHER—Merchants' Exchange.
G. W. KELLOGG—330 Pine Street.

After the Fair.

The recent sale of lost and unidentified property at the World's Fair at Chicago brought \$500. The people who went to the Fair lost false teeth, glass eyes, pocket books, eyeglasses, corsets, stockings, shoes, umbrellas, jewelry of every description, canes, parasols, pocketknives, and other things too numerous to mention. 72 bracelets, gold, silver, brass, and every other kind, sold for 22 cents each; 100 eyeglasses, 7 cents each; 76 spectacles, 10 cents a pair; 100 rings, a very few set with diamonds, and other precious stones, but mostly filled gold, 55 cents each; 7 opera glasses, \$1 a pair; 384 wraps, from light cloaks to seal skin jackets, 42½ cents each; 500 canes 15 cents each. A basket full of pocket knives sold at 2½ cents each; 24 gold watches sold for \$3.50; and four sets of false teeth were sold for one cent a pair.

Woman Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

The organization formed by a number of well known Brooklyn ladies to protest against the proposal to impose the obligation of suffrage upon the women of this State is a new phase of the present woman suffrage movement. These ladies declare that "woman suffrage would subject this State to a 'burdensome duty,' that would be a 'political injustice' by being excluded from the franchise; that 'political equality will deprive women of special privileges' they now enjoy, and that the activities of 'men and women are divinely ordered to be different in the State as in the home.' This movement would indicate that women are not of one mind as respects the desirability of the ballot for their sex. It is well that both sides of the question should be heard.—N. Y. Press.

GOVERNMENT SALE.—When the exploring party returned from Death Valley a year or more ago, they had a mule, two horses, buck-board, harness and saddle. The animals were captured and the traps stored at Lone Pine until Monday last, when they were sold at public auction by a Government agent who came to Inyo for that purpose. Government paid \$120 for the care of the property and then sold it for \$83 to get rid of it.—Inyo Index.

Don't Sing "After the Ball." A young man named Joseph Skinner was fatally shot the other night by a neighbor at Stevens Point, Wis., for singing "After the Ball." His neighbors ought to have an opportunity to sing "After the Hanging."

Anyone might know that yesterday was a fine summer's day. One man was killed, another had his collar chewed off, a street-car conductor was shot at, two men were killed at the Ohio House and a saloon at the Mission was blown up. Evidently the picnic season is upon us.—S. F. Post, 30th.

Coxey and Carl Browne have arrived at Washington with their army, but Coxey and Browne do not "mess" with their followers, but put up at first-class hotels.

The famous St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, and which cost over a million dollars was destroyed by fire on Saturday night.

They have had more terrible earthquakes in Greece. Many towns have been destroyed and about 500 lives lost.

Carson Valley ranchers recently shipped 25,000 pounds of potatoes to San Francisco.

The Industrial Army are having a rough time getting to Washington.

MINING NOTICES.

Annual Meeting.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE MONTICELLO MINING COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Rooms 25 & 26, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of MAY, 1894, at the hour of One o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Transfer Books will close on Saturday, May 5, 1894, at 12 o'clock M.

D. M. KENT, Secretary.
Office—Rooms 25 & 26, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California. ap25-2w

Annual Meeting.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE STERLING MINING COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Rooms 25 & 26, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of MAY, 1894, at the hour of Half past One o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Transfer Books will close on Saturday, May 5, 1894, at 12 o'clock M.

D. M. KENT, Secretary.
Office—Rooms 25 & 26, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California. ap25-2w

WHAT HE THINKS.

Henry Watterson, the Kentucky editor and ex-Congressman, in a Tacoma interview, said:

"What do I think of the Wilson bill? Why, I shot my fowling-piece at the Wilson bill on the 8th of last January, and then took to the woods. Since then the Wilson bill seems to have been doing some wandering in the wilderness itself. To speak accurately there is no such bill as the Wilson bill. There was a measure that went by that name when it came out of the Ways and Means Committee, but it lost one of its eyes and had its nose broken in the House, and since it has gone to the Senate its disfigurement has continued. The degree that its author would not recognize it, he should meet it at mid-day in the rotunda of the Capitol. No sir; there is no such bill as the Wilson bill. There is a monstrous thing undergoing the process of incubation, which is so base that if I had a half-educated Democratic dog mean enough to wag his tail for it, I would have him flung out and shot."

Elect a Republican.

After copying what the CHRONICLE-UNION said in regard to the importance of electing a Republican Assemblyman to vote for U. S. Senator next Winter, the Inyo Index says: We do hope that no false ideas of local pride will interfere with the nomination and election of a Republican Assemblyman in this District. We cannot see what difference it will make to the local interests whether the man elected comes from Inyo, Mono or Alpine, but it may make a vast political difference whether he is a Republican or Democrat. The Index has no personal preference for the nomination but will favor the reliable Republican when he can most certainly be elected. He is sure to be a good man who will look out for local as well as political interests.

New Zealand recently put in a claim to have Samoa put under her protecting wing, but now comes New South Wales and enters a protest, desiring that those Islands should be under the sole control of Great Britain. Both of those British Colonies might as well hold their souls in peace until they hear from the United States and Germany, the latter more particularly. It is very probable New Zealand would not object to taking the Sandwich Islands under its protection.

On Wednesday an organization of unemployed Poles and Italians, numbering from 8,000 to 10,000, paraded in Cleveland and rioted, raiding foundries and iron works, breaking windows, machinery, etc. Many arrests were made, and the troops were ordered to be ready to turn out at a moment's warning. This is one of the results of not stopping immigration twenty years ago.—Will Congress never open its eyes to this great evil?

Rev. Dr. McArthur, of New York, in a sermon in favor of "Woman Suffrage" said: "Why not have a woman President? She could do better than—." Then he paused, and added, "several Presidents we have had." His congregation catching the point, although it was made in a noncommittal way, laughed heartily. Poor Cleveland.

The Democratic Administration the Nevadans help foist upon the country by throwing its vote away on Weaver is now thinking of giving that State another black eye by removing the Mint from Carson to Denver, Colorado.

The 17-year locusts have come up again at Nyack, N. Y., after a rest since 1877.—The holes through which they came out of the ground looked as though they were made by a cane, and were from one to three feet deep.

The new cruiser Bennington arrived at San Francisco on Monday, on her way to Bering Sea.

Late frosts injured the fruit crop in the mountains near Sonora, so that the fruit crop in that section will be short this year.

NEW TO-DAY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON THE 30th day of April, 1894, the Sheriff of Mono County, California, duly assigned to the undersigned, the duly elected and qualified Assignee of the estate of THOMAS WARD and ARCHIE McNABB, insolvent debtors, all of the property, both real and personal, of said insolvent debtors. All persons having claims against said insolvent debtors are required within 30 days from date of this publication, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, and verified by the oath of the creditor, to the undersigned at any place of business, to wit: the Sheriff's Office, at the Court House, at Bridgeport, Mono County, California. Dated May 5th, 1894.

M. P. HAYES, Assignee of the Estate of Thomas Ward and Archie McNabb, Insolvent Debtors, &c.

WM. O. PARKER, Attorney for Assignee.

For Assemblyman.

(50th District.)
DR. T. A. KRAHLES, of Bodie.

Subject to the decision of the Republican Convention of Mono county, and the endorsement of the Republicans of Alpine and Inyo counties. ap14-16

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Adaline Eggleston, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the law office of C. L. Hayes, Bridgeport, Mono county, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said County of Mono.

Dated Bridgeport, Cal., this 5th day of April, 1894.

M. P. HAYES, Administrator of the Estate of Adaline Eggleston, deceased. [ap7-4w]

CAUTION.

MY WIFE, MARY ANN, HAVING LEFT ME, and I, CHARLES E. DAY, without any cause what ever, and against my wishes and without my consent, I will not be responsible for any debt she may contract from and after this date.

CHARLES E. DAY
Dated March 24th, 1894. mh24-2m

HE CAN FEEL NO PAIN.

A West Indian Who Makes Nothing of Being Pierced by Wire.

Three reputable physicians of Mobile recently made some experiments on the person of a man named Lartado, a native of Trinidad. This man seemingly is a wonder. He appears to be utterly oblivious to the sensations of heat and cold, and, in fact, experiences no feeling of pain, even when undergoing treatment that would cause an ordinary man untold agony. He is twenty-four years old, is five feet seven inches in height, weighs one hundred pounds, and is perfectly sound mentally and physically. His father was a Spaniard and his mother an English woman. A correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat witnessed the man run through his neck down to and grazing the trachea a piece of steel wire one-eighth of an inch in diameter, to which a most powerful galvanic battery was attached and shifted from one current to another without any perceptible pain, but with considerable acceleration of pulse. He passed another large steel wire into his mouth and through his cheek, in all directions, and no blood flowed. Another large wire was passed through the calf of the leg and between the biceps muscle, in line with the brachial artery, and through the arm above the wrist, between the two bones of the arm, and other like experiments in different parts of the body, all of which with seemingly no pain and no bleeding from any place, but a drop from the neck. In fact, each of the openings made by the instrument closed up as bloodless and as easily as if the man was constructed of India rubber. The physicians present declared that it was the most wonderful exhibition of freedom from all pain they had ever witnessed. The man never flinched during any of the experiments, while the instruments were jabbed into him with no more consideration than if he had been a watermelon.

MEDICAL.



Mr. S. N. Hyde.

Do You Ever Have Bolls?

"For several years prior to 1892, there was hardly a day that I was free from bolls and other eruptions of the skin arising from impurities of the blood. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the third bottle I found myself entirely cured." S. N. Hyde, of Van Valer & Hyde, Real Estate, De Long Building, Fresno, California.

Hood's Pills not easily got promptly and accurately, on the liver and bowels.

T. T. KOENIG, M. D.

(Regular Graduate.)

Physician and Surgeon;
BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

LEGAL.

NOTICE.

TO

LICENSE TAX PAVERS.

ALL PERSONS DOING BUSINESS IN MONO County are hereby notified to procure their License for transacting such business at the office of the Tax Collector at the Court House at Bridgeport, Cal.

CATTLE AND SHEEP OWNERS, OR THEIR AGENTS, should procure their Licenses as soon as possible after arrival in the county.

M. P. HAYES, Tax Collector.

Taxes. 1893. Taxes.

NOTICE.

TAX PAVERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SECOND AND LAST INSTALLMENT

of the Tax on the REAL ESTATE in Mono county, California, being One half (½) of said tax, due January 1st, 1894, and payable; and, if not paid prior to the

THIRTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1894, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, a penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. will be added thereto.

ALSO, further NOTICE is given, that the Tax on the whole of the Personal property, and one half (½) of the Real Estate, which was not paid when due, as the First Installment prior to the 27th day of November, 1893, and to which a penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. was added, is hereby due and payable, and, if not paid prior to the

THIRTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1894, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, an additional penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. will be added thereto, making a total of TWENTY (20) per cent.

AND NOTICE is further given that, if the Tax is not paid prior to the

SECOND DAY OF JUNE, 1894, the list of DELINQUENT TAXES will be placed with the printer, and published on the NINTH DAY OF JUNE, 1894, and will be sold on the

SECOND DAY OF JULY, 1894, at TEN o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the Court House, in the Town of Bridgeport, Mono county, California, for sale in money of the United States, and the balance paid before

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

LIBERAL RATES.

MADE BY THE

Southern Pacific Company.

FOR THE CALIFORNIA

Midwinter International EXPOSITION.

AT SAN FRANCISCO.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS, GOOD FOR 30 DAYS.

FROM STATIONS 50 MILES AND LESS FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD fare, with fifty cents added for one gate ticket to the Fair.

MINIMUM RATE, \$1.00.

FROM STATIONS OVER 50 AND NOT OVER 150 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD fare, with \$2.00 added for four gate tickets to the Fair.

FROM STATIONS OVER 150 AND NOT OVER 300 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-FIFTH fare, with \$3.00 added for four gate tickets to the Fair.

FROM STATIONS OVER 300 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE FARE ONLY, with \$2.50 added for five gate tickets to the Fair.

CHILDREN AGED 5 AND UNDER 12 YEARS ONE-HALF ABOVE NAMED RATES.

TICKETS WILL BE GOOD ONLY FOR A CONTINUOUS TRIP EACH WAY.

STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES OF RETURN TRIP MAY BE OBTAINED BY ADDITIONAL PAYMENT OF ONE-FIFTH ONE-WAY FARE.

EXCURSION TRIPS.

From San Francisco to other points in California will be allowed purchasers of special Midwinter Fair tickets at the following round trip rates:

TO STATIONS UNDER 150 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD one-way fare.

TO STATIONS 150 MILES OR MORE FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-FIFTH one-way fare.

For exact rates inquire of the nearest S. P. Co. Agent, or address the undersigned.

RICH D ORAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

\$9 TO GENOA.

FAST TIME.

AND CHEAP FARE.

WHITTEMORE'S BRIDGEPORT LINE.

Carrying the United States Mail.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS

and FRIDAYS for

Coleville, Topaz and

Holbrook.

CONNECTING WITH STAGES FOR

Genoa and Carson.

MARTIN'S STAGE

Leaves GENOA.

(On ARRIVAL of STAGES from CARSON)

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS,

and FRIDAYS.

Connecting at HOLBROOK'S,

on above days, for

TOPAZ, COLEVILLE

and BRIDGEPORT.

\$9 TO GENOA.

ROUND TRIP—\$5.00.

BRIDGEPORT AND BODIE STAGE LINE.

Carrying the Mail and Express.

Connecting with the HAWTHORNE Stage.

Leaves Bridgeport every morning, except

Sunday, at SIX o'clock—returning in the afternoon, Connecting with the

ANTELOPE STAGE LINE for CARSON on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, ETC. taken to Bodie at reasonable rates.

WILLIAM H. ADAMS, Proprietor.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team..... \$1.50

Loaded wagon and two animals..... 2.00

Each additional pair of animals..... .25

Horse and rider, each..... .25

Pack animals, each..... .25

Hogs and sheep, each..... .25

Loose stock, each..... .25

Empty teams, half-price.

Big Meadows and Bodie Toll Road.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, no credit is given.

Buggy team..... \$1.50

Loaded wagon and two animals..... 2.00

Each additional pair of animals..... .25

Horse and rider, each..... .25

Pack animals, each..... .25

Hogs and sheep, each..... .25

Loose stock, each..... .25

Empty teams half-price.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

PATENTS.

Consult, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyright.

And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO., JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.

P. O. Box 499. WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of procuring their subscribers against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper publishes this advertisement vouchers for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

W. A. R. LOOSE,

ASSAYER AND

METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

WM. O. PARKER

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. [el2-1f]

R. S. MINER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. [el2-1f]

HOMER E. OSBORN,

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and

Accident Insurance

409 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. G. HUGHES,

BLACKSMITH AND

WAGON MAKER.

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HOUSE AND OX SHOEING.

AND GENERAL JOBBING

DR. JORDAN & CO.'S

GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

1051 Market St., San Francisco (Between 6th and 7th Sts.)

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, MAY 5, 1894.

Bridgeport Post Office.

(Money Order Office).

Ella E. Brady, Postmistress.

OFFICE HOURS:

Week Days—9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Sundays—9 to 10 A. M., and 4 to 5 P. M.

MAILS.

Boats—every day, except Sunday.
Departure, 8 P. M.—Arrival, 9 A. M.
Deliveries—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,
6 A. M.
Arrivals, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,
6 P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Mrs. Grace Benjamin, sister of Mrs. W. O. Parker, arrived from San Francisco on Saturday's Antelope stage.

Chas. E. Day arrived home from Bishop on Saturday's stage.

M. J. Oddy was over from the Battle-ship mine on Tuesday, and returned on Wednesday.

J. S. Cain and family, of Bodie, were here the first of the week.

Mrs. O. H. Strickland and child returned to her Antelope home on Monday's stage.

Joe. T. Courchaine, J. P. Hammond, and W. O. Leady were over from Mono Lake on Monday.

District Attorney C. L. Hayes and W. O. Parker went to Bodie on Wednesday on official and legal business.

Mrs. Peck and children, who have spent a couple of weeks in Bridgeport, departed for their Bodie home on Thursday.

Mrs. David Hays and son returned from Carson on Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. O. S. Edmiston, of Sonora. Mrs. Hays mother, who will spend the summer here.

Mrs. Zella Hayden, late principal of our public school, returned to her Bodie home on Thursday.

Mrs. Ethel Peck came over from Bodie on Thursday to visit a couple of weeks at the Sinnamon ranch.

Lottie Sinnamon is visiting friends in Bodie.

Mrs. Cornelia Richards, Superintendent of Schools, left Colville on Thursday for the Fair.

Mrs. County Clerk Murphy and Mrs. B. L. Simmons went to Bodie on Thursday and will return tomorrow.

E. Pierce is in from Smith Valley.

W. E. Lindsey has returned from Carson.

Mrs. Maude B. Day arrived on Thursday from Bishop.

TRAVELING.

County Treasurer Brown has succeeded in getting some reliable parties to take a hold of the travertine quarry near Bridgeport, if on examination they find the deposit to be valuable building material sufficient to justify the outlay required to open it. They will soon be here to look over the ground. They will find an immense deposit of this beautiful material, and as the owner, W. E. Lindsey has set a reasonable figure for the property there is a strong probability that the quarry will be taken hold of by parties who will put up works for the speedy development of our new industry. As this is the only travertine quarry in the United States, and is said to be superior to any found in Europe, where the supply is limited, it should be better than a gold mine, as there is seemingly an immense body of it and the use of it can be put to the way of building and ornamental purposes as well.

FIFTY SECOND ANNIVERSARY.—Thursday next, May 10th, will be the 52d anniversary of the marriage of B. M. Folger and wife, of the CHRONICLE-UNION. The "young couple" are now visiting Mrs. Folger's sister at Modesto, where they will observe the day, after which they will make ready to return to Bridgeport, to be home on the 11th. They were married in New York city on the 10th of May, 1842. He came to California in '49, and in '52 returned to New York and brought his wife to Sacramento in June of that year, and have resided in this State ever since.

SCIENCE OBSERVATION.—Const. Marshal Westwood has made his report to the Superior Court of the schools. He found in Bridgeport 61 children between 5 and 17 years of age, and 12 under 5 years—a total of 73.

There are a number who were on the roll last year who have just stepped over the 17 year limit.

MAY DAY.—If Rip Van Winkle had been awakened on Tuesday he would not have imagined it was May Day, for it was a cold, windy, disagreeable one. The proposed Sunday School picnic had to be postponed indefinitely, but our young people had a dance at Bryant's Hall in the evening.

BOX BOX PARTY.—Stewart & Taylor will give a Box Box party at Lakewood Hall, Lundy, on Tuesday evening next. Music from Bridgeport has been engaged and a good time may be expected. We presume Bridgeport will be represented, as the event is at Lundy parties.

ARRAIGNED.—Oon Hing, the Benton Chinaman, was arraigned yesterday in the Superior Court on a charge of selling liquor to Indians. Judge H. Eddy was appointed by Judge Virden to defend him, and the time for pleading fixed for the 16th.

DEVELOPED.—The Standard Con. declared a dividend of 10 cents.

FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Mrs. Judge Virden, who was in Sweden on a visit to her mother, writes us from Dalnas, Sweden, under date of April 12th "that my voyage across the Atlantic and the North Sea was a very rough one on account of bad weather. At one time while I was lying on a lounge, suffering with sea sickness, the rolling of the ship was so great I was thrown off, and so severely bruised and injured that I was under the Doctor's care for several days. I crossed from New York to Liverpool on the British mail steamer Britannia. On the 22d of February—Washington's Birthday, the Americans on board, both ladies and gentlemen celebrated the Day by wearing the National colors, rosettes and small American flags on their dress and in their buttonholes, the gentlemen entertaining all present with several eloquent speeches in favor of silver, protection for wool and other American industries, closing with three rousing cheers for the Old Flag and America. The Englishmen did not like this at all, and finally one of them proposed a cheer for Groves Cleveland, but his voice was completely drowned by the cries of "Put him down! Put him down! Put him down!" There was another gentleman to whom I offered one of the pretty little flags to wear in his buttonhole. "Madam," said he, "I am not an American, but I like President Cleveland." "Sir," I replied, "you are our enemy, and you could not touch this flag now if you wanted to." The Americans all cheered me heartily.

Although I have been absent 30 years I find the same old houses standing, and but little change in the country, except that a railroad has been built through it since.

The wages of the laboring people are so small that but very few of that class can afford the luxury of meat, and if they get it at all it is only once a week. If nothing happens to prevent I will sail from Goldenburg on my return on the 4th of May, and hope soon to be again with my friends in old Mono. America is good enough for me."

BRIDGEPORT SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Bridgeport Public School for the month ending April 27th:

Number of scholars enrolled—Girls, 20; Boys, 23. Total, 43.

The following were neither absent nor tardy during the month:

Grammar Department—Elnise Elliott, Dell Sinnamon, Nellie Hawks, Willie Schanman and Herman Schreck.

Primary Department—Lottie Sinnamon, Jennie Hays, Gussie Kinsay, Chas. Kinney, Ella Cody, May Oddy, Edmund Cody, Alice Ladd, Frank Sinnamon, Gussie Williams, Mary Williams, Henry Schreck and Harvey Ladd.

ZELLA HAYDEN, Principal.
TRACY BARNES, Assistant.

LECTURE ON MARRIAGE.—On Wednesday evening next Rev. Mr. Peck will deliver his lecture on "Marriage, Whom to Marry, When to Marry, and What to Marry for."

It is more than probable that the Rev. gentleman will have a very full house, as it seems to be a matter interesting to a good many people.

WILL CLAIM IT.—The Inyo Register says that whatever the outcome of the Assembly controversy may be, whether Alpine or Mono gets the nomination this year, Inyo will probably claim it in '96.

A number of our people have gone to the Springs to-day.

Are we to have a wedding soon?

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1893.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A COOK BOOK FREE.

"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Powder Company, Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you write a postal mentioning the CHRONICLE-UNION. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the very best of its kind. Besides, containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cooking, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining room etc.; a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and home like, is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any lady sending her address (name, town and State) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago Ill.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrage, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agitate his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicines only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficial action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, which is a purgative but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening it, and thus it is the most healthful and safe in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose beneficial influence is felt throughout the system. Headache, rheumatism, kidney and nervous complaints acquiesce to it.

BENTON SCHOOL.

The following is the report of the Benton School for the month ending April 27th.

Number of pupils enrolled, 19. Average attendance, 18.

Those on the Roll of Honor for punctuality and attendance:

Charles Buck, Jennie Bertrand, Lawrence Courtmarsh, Mary Geeshoed, Peter Geeshoed, Henry Geeshoed, James Watterson, Grace Watterson, Benale Cowin, Willie Edwards, John Forrey, James Forrey, Robert Hamill.

Not one tardy mark.

M. G. MURKIN,
Teacher.

TAKE A RIDE.—We are at last having beautiful May weather, and to-morrow will be enjoyable for a ride to False Hot Springs for your annual bath. The road is in fine condition and a spin to the Springs with your best girl early in the morning, returning by twilight, would be almost heavenly, don't you know!

REV. FATHER STACK. of Bodie, held services here on last Sunday morning, and in the evening preached on Catholicism to a large audience. Father Stack is a good talker and his remarks were listened to with great attention. The regular choir volunteered and sang several pieces.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.—Miss Tracy Barnes, who has had charge of the primary department of our public school, will open a private school in the school house on Monday next.

SMALL DELINQUENT LIST.—Tax Collector Hayes has collected the State and county taxes very closely, and the delinquent list will be very small.

TO CREDITORS.—Under "New To-day" will be found a notice to the creditors of Ward & McKibb.

The Republican State Convention will be held in Sacramento on June 19th, to nominate the candidates for Governor and other State officers. This is two months earlier than usual. The Convention will consist of 64 delegates, and it will be the largest Convention of the kind ever held in this State.

Our United States Senators are dying off fast, Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan having died suddenly at Chicago on Monday night.

Judge Van Fleet has accepted the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court, vice Judge Patterson, resigned.

THE INDIAN AS A FIGHTER.

He likes warfare, knows in it and is an excellent marksman.

"The Indian is the most vicious fighter on earth," said Maj. Barbour, late press agent of the world's fair, but a former plainsman, to a Washington Post reporter. "You read in the accounts of the South African war where a hundred or two Englishmen go out and whip five or ten thousand black men. There is no uncivilized people on earth, no race which is utterly ignorant of what we call the science of war, that can for a minute compare with the Indians as warriors. No frontier general would think of leading his troops against a body of Indians where the odds were greatly against him. Why? Because the Indian is naturally a fighter and a marksman, and because he has been quick to learn what the white armies have taught him in warfare."

"Take that fight in which Sitting Bull was killed. That was a skirmish, it's true, but it illustrates my point. There were just sixteen men on each side. The battle lasted not over five minutes, and eight were killed on each side. Those Indian scouts rode straight through the camp of Sitting Bull, and snatched the old demon himself and fifteen of his picked warriors in a battle in which no man knew he had more than an even chance of surviving."

"I've seen them. They love to fight. Their ambition is to win glory in fighting. Their traditions urge them on to fight. It's their only really profitable business. They are physically well qualified to fight; they know how, and you can bet they do fight when they get at it."

Two of Queen Victoria's Fads.

Queen Victoria's conservative fondness for the things she is used to is shown in the fact that the little ivory paper knife with which to this day she cuts the pages of her new books was in her possession when she was a little princess. The cabins of the royal yacht are still brightened with the same old-fashioned rosebud chintz which her dead husband liked.

The queen has a particular love for fresh air and sits in rooms so cold that no American woman could endure them. A fortnight ago she had her summer garden tent taken out of its winter quarters and set in it in the garden for two hours or more for several consecutive days, signing official documents.

Awarded Highest Honor—World's Fair.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER.

MOORE PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Put in 40 Years the Standard.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

50 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A NEW WHITE METAL.

It is Much Lighter Than Aluminum and is Resistant to Rust.

A man who has been chopping wood for a number of years in Pine Nut district lately found a new metal, says a San Francisco dispatch to the New York Journal.

His stone oven having been burned out he took some clay from a large deposit he knew of near by and, mixing it with a little water, made a brick, built a fire in his stove and paid no more attention to it until next morning, when he noticed that his stove-back was gone and in the ashes he found a white, clear metal with scarcely any weight to it.

It would not break, so he put it on an old anvil outside the cabin and hit it with a heavy hammer. It would draw out, but neither crack nor break. He has since experimented with it in various ways. The clay will melt like lead, but the metal produced will stand a heat like iron or steel and is very flexible.

He beat out a piece four inches thick, six inches wide and eleven inches long. The block is transparent and weighs only nine ounces. He says there is no limit to the clay, as he has seen the same kind in several parts of this and other states. He will melt out a block two feet square and have it at the Midwinter fair for people to see.

PATENTS.

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally as great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and workshop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual additions to the apparatuses and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent.

Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially in this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John W. Widdowson, General Manager, 618 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trademarks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WIDDOWSON,
618 F Street,
Washington, D. C.

F. O. Box 265.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIGER

SELF-OPERATING

SULKY HAY

RAKES.

WOOD OR STEEL.

The Standard Rake of the World.

THE IMPROVED CHAMPION

Greatest of Grass Cutters.

Write for Special Circulars and Price List.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

SACRAMENTO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR California and Nevada.

We carry the largest and most complete line of Farming Implements, Vehicles, and Machinery known on the Pacific Coast. Also Wholesale Dealers in Hardware.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

YOU CAN GET THESE FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FRESH AND

GENERAL

ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST

OF GOODS

AT THE

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

D. HAYS & BRO.

CHEAP CASH STORE

AT THE

POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

BRIDGEPORT.

EVERY DESCRIPTION

OF GOODS

REDUCED TO

BEDROCK PRICES.

A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN.

General Merchandise.

Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries.

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Candies and Nuts.

Yankee Notions.

Powder, shot, Caps and

Cartridges.

Stationery, etc., etc.



THE CUNNING FOX.

An Animal That Is Full of Life and Resource.

He is Ever on the Alert and Notwithstanding His Purring Tendencies Is in Truth a Merry Beast.

"How few people know what an interesting chap the fox is," said a naturalist, recently. "They know him only by reputation, and that as a chicken thief, which he is. But he has lots of points, I tell you. Amery, my dog, is a foxhound, and he lives in a luxurious case, roaming the woods and sauntering by the pearly brooks, or basking in the noonday sun.

"He loves fish, and going down to the stream he waits till he spies a plump trout. It's over in a twinkling. A leap, a snap, and off he trots with his juicy morsel. A stupid crawfish

is by his side near the water's edge. Reynard drops his tail in the water and tickles him with it. The angered crustacean comes out of his hiding place and is seized and crushed, armor and all. When the rippling corn is ready to drop, and the luscious fruits have reached their maturity, and all nature is plethoric with ripening fulness, then, Master Fox is in the green. Reynard's paws prick up their ears and run, unconscious of danger, along the hillside; the quails skulk noiselessly in the wheat stubble; birds pour forth their notes of praise—and he catches them all. He loves fruits. Stealthily he steals into orchards, where apples and plump pears tempt, and in the vineyard he fairly revels in grapes. His cubs grow fat and saucy. He shows them how to pilfer honey, and when the busy bees have laid up a winter store he crawls to the hives near the garden fence and, jumping up to the small opening, licks the sweet drops with pure delight. Out come the stinging humming honeyeaters and sting like a ball on his thick skin, but he does not mind them, and, rolling over and over, crushes them by the score and eats them as a relish.

"Cunning? No animal beats him. Look at his brainy head. His delicate ears—broad below to catch every sound, from the highest note of the shrill cricket, or the distant murmur of storm, or the fevered pants of the prancing hounds, and tapering so sharply to a point that they can shape themselves to every wave of air that makes the tiniest rustle of noise. Note the crafty calculation and foresight of the low, flat brow. What a nose! Now full of resolute purpose pointing straight forward, and anon turning up with concentrated malice and scorn. The eye, deep-set, a regular robber's eye, lacking the soft beauty of the timid deer, the fascinating glare of the cat's, yet gleaming with modest humility, or glazes with murderous rage, flashing fire and vengeance. Energy and self-control speak in the thin, cynical lips, and the mouth opens from ear to ear. He can leap, crawl, run and swim with the velocity of lightning, and his wiry body is carried so noiselessly along that scarce a trace is left. His delicate footfalls echo no response even among the dead leaves of the forest. His walk is treacherous, his glance sinister. Setting a bunch of grain in his mouth, he will swim into the midst of a flock of ducks and seize the plumppest for a dinner."

"He is voracious, is Reynard. When hunger pressed, and gaunt and lean from starvation, he'll not refuse serpents and toads and moles and rats. He has been known to attack and kill young calves and lambs, and if the sea-shore is near will revel in oysters and shellfish. A group of rabbits are feeding in a clover patch. He'll crawl along, nibbling the juicy daisies until he comes to a grub. He'll stalk a bird, with his hind legs dragging behind him, until near enough to spring. How farmers dread his inroads in the poultry yard. Pasten the yard up tight and he will burrow a winding passage into the ground beneath, and suddenly appear among the drowsy chickens and stupid geese, whose shrill and alarmed cries arouse the farmer from his bed to sally forth, finding all safe. Then the fox will sneak back and pack away with the plumpest pullet or the fattest goose.

"February is the month when Reynard goes awooing, and a wide range he takes, flirting and toying with every vixen that chances in his way. It is fully sixty days before madame clears the smoky mist of her burrow and brings forth her young, from three to six at a litter. It will be fully a month before the sharp-nosed cubs begin to play and gambol about the doorway of their home. Perhaps it will be the root of an old tree, beneath a ledge of rocks, or in the hollow of a dead tree trunk, or a burrow with several entrances in the sand or loam. Tell-tale chicken bones and feathers and furs strewn about the entrance, speak of many a hen roost robbed, or of foolish rabbits and over-confident grouse that have furnished food for the ever-hungry cubs. The mother fox faithfully feeds her young and boldly steals to support them. She knows, as all sportsmen know, that the hounds will not follow her while she has a family depending upon her.

"A merry, devil-may-care life does the fox lead, indeed! It may be a short one, for traps and snares are many, hunters are alert and the scent of hound is keen. But Reynard rollicks and rosters and plays the bold freebooter amid it all."

Graded Encouraged.

The men who prosper in this world are the men who mind their own business and keep on minding it. An exchange furnishes an example:

"Tatoes!" cried a colored peddler in Richmond.

"Hush da mouth, you distract de whole neighborhood!" responded a colored man with a doorway.

"You kin hear me, kin you?"

"Hear you? I kin hear you a mile."

"Tank! I see hollerin' to be heard! 'Tatoes!'"

ABOUT SALAMANDERS.

Origin of the Belief That They Are at Home in Fire.

Some Funny Facts Concerning the Fabulous Creatures, by a Man Who Is Familiar with the Traits of Reptiles.

"Nobody knows how the superstition regarding the supposed fireproof quality of the salamander had its rise," said Dr. Stejneger, the reptilian expert of the Smithsonian institution, to the Washington Evening Star recently. "However, I can give what I think is a pretty good guess at it. To explain, I shall have to tell you a story."

"Once upon a time I was camping out with a party, hunting and fishing. We had lighted a big fire, using for fuel several old logs. While we were sitting around watching the progress of some cookery in which we were engaged, a young lady at my side gave a little scream and pointed into the flames. I looked, and there was a small lizard crawling right out from among the glowing embers. It walked away unhurt, apparently, through the grass and made its escape."

"Now that salamander had occupied a hole in one of the logs used for fuel. Several species of its kind live in old tree trunks. Doubtless this one found that it was getting uncomfortably hot and crawled out. Being moist and slimy, its body was protected from injury by the fire long enough to enable it to escape through the embers. But the sight of the animal deliberately making its appearance from the midst of the fire was certainly very surprising. Any ignorant person might easily have been led to imagine that the creature must be fireproof. It seems to me quite probable that the superstition took its rise from just such occurrences."

"There are so many species of salamanders that a description of them all would fill a book. They are to be found all over the world, except in very cold regions. In a popular sense, the name 'salamander' is applied to all batrachians with tails. That is rather a loose definition. A tadpole is a batrachian with a tail, but it is not a salamander. The great majority of salamanders are small, such as the newts, found in springs. The biggest species in this country is the so-called 'mud-eel,' or 'siren.' It has only two feet, just behind the head, and it has external gills when fully developed, which is an exception to the rule among salamanders."

"The biggest salamander in the world is found in Japan. It attains a length of two feet and is related to the 'hell-bender.' Most salamanders live on insects, but the very large kinds eat pretty nearly everything as a rule. For instance, the Japanese species is omnivorous. So far as I am aware none of the salamanders is considered good to eat, by civilized men, at all events. Two years ago I obtained a specimen of the only known species of blind salamander. It came from a cave in Missouri. A so-called blind salamander exists in certain caves of America, but it is not a true salamander, though it would come under the popular definition, being a batrachian with a tail."

"One peculiar thing about salamanders is that they are not as large when full grown as when they are partly developed. That seems a funny paradox, does it not? You see, salamanders go through a metamorphosis during their lifetime, as frogs do, though the change is not so marked. They have a larval period, as the tadpole is the larva of the frog. On becoming adult they shrink up considerably. During the larval period they have gills like a fish, which usually become rudimentary. An odd exception to this rule is the 'axolotl' of Mexico, which does not undergo any such metamorphosis and never becomes adult in a scientific sense. In other words, it never reaches what is the final stage with other salamanders, but always remains a larva."

"An oddity of different species are found in various parts of the United States, but they do undergo the change and become adult. However, if you keep one of them in water and prevent it from escaping it will remain a larva always and will undergo no metamorphosis. In order to change it has to get on dry land. Having become a land animal, its external gills disappear, being no longer required for breathing in water. The Mexican axolotl never goes on land—at any rate, not for a longer time than its gills will remain wet."

Oddities of Taste.

Among the curiosities of taste, the Parisian passion for self-exhibition at the morgue must hold a conspicuous place. The principal keeper at the morgue is said to have had many applications from persons eager to figure as corpses on the slabs of the dead-house. They were deterred by the official announcement that the temperature of the bodies was kept some degrees below zero. If this discomfort could have been endured for twelve hours, and if the authorities could have been persuaded to lend them selves to such a fraud, what materials for a coup in journalism would have been afforded to some enterprising genius!

Deep Sea Life.

In the profoundest abysms of the sea are strange forms of life that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by the United States fish commission has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting the upper waters may descend to about twelve hundred feet from the surface, but below this, to a depth of three hundred or three hundred and sixty fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure and the paucity of the life-sustaining element of oxygen.

THE COLLEGE "GRIND."

He Works, Economizes and Becomes a Recluse.

The "Harvard grind" is a term used as often in the college circles as any surname, says the Boston Herald. The name originated from the old custom men had of getting down and working hard a few days before examination. Finally, when a fellow was known to keep up this grinding process throughout the term, he soon went under the caption of "grind." The name has now become an established term in Harvard life, and the visitor is now shown the grind's headquarters, the grind's table in ordaining hall, and the grind's haunts.

To see him in his true light, the grind must be hunted out at different times of the year. I traced up one of these fellows a year ago in the dead of winter. He lived in an upstairs room, eight by eight feet; no stove in the room, no heating apparatus of any kind, for, in fact, there was not room for any; a small single bed across one side, a bureau across the other, and a little table under the one window. In the narrow aisle in the center there was room but for one chair. A light carpet on the floor, a looking-glass set in the bureau top, and one or two wall decorations completed the furnishings of the room. It was totally wanting in all those little artistic details so characteristic of the Harvard room. No fine art lectures practiced as prescribed there by Prof. Norton; no trace of bric-a-brac and crimson decoration. In short, it was a sort of den in which a man could rest and sleep and have his being."

To be sure, this was not an attractive lodging, but, as the occupant informed me, he could study there and the room cost him only two dollars per week. When I ventured the suggestion that it must be very risky living there without a fire in the dead of winter, he said he usually worked in one of the university private libraries during the day and until ten o'clock at night. Upon seeing a small oil stove in one corner I made a great venture upon its use and found that this student was doing his own cooking. I also learned that his laundry bills were a minimum. In short, that he was living on one dollar and fifteen cents per week, according to his own figures.

Here is a rare case, but one not nearly as rare as might be expected at first thought. Because men are students in a university does not make all of them aspire to anything socially. Here is an actual case where a man turned himself into a recluse, did his own cooking and washing, and spent every minute grinding over books.

LOVING BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

There Are Undoubtedly Many Noted Ones in Our History.

One of the saddest declarations ever made was that of a man who had lived a stormy domestic life on account of the claims of property, says the Youth's Companion.

"Don't talk to me about the love of brothers and sisters!" he said, bitterly. "At heart they always hate each other."

The evidence of history gives the lie to this sadistic conclusion. Among the most beautiful souls we know there has been the strongest and most lasting fraternal attachment.

The beautiful Margaret of Navarre was devoted to her brother, Francis I. When she was apparently dying at Madrid she found her way to him through privation and danger and succeeded in effecting his deliverance. When he was ill at a distance from her she went every day and sat down on a stone in the middle of the road to catch the first glimpse of a messenger afar off. And she said:

"Ah! whoever shall come to announce the recovery of the king, my brother, though he be tired, jaded, soiled, disheveled, I will kiss him and embrace him as though he were the finest gentleman in the kingdom."

When he died she seemed, literally heart-broken and she did not long survive him.

Sir William and Caroline Herschel seemed to have but a single thought in their common occupation of studying the stars. One swept the heavens with the telescope and the other patiently noted down the results. Together they reached old age, always interested in the same pursuit and always devotedly attached to each other.

Goethe was always the loving friend and partisan of his sister Cornelia.

"I was again drawn toward home," he writes concerning one of his frequent excursions, "and that by a magnet which attracts me strongly at all times. It was my sister."

To approach our own time and tongue more nearly is to find Dorothy Wordsworth, who lived in her brother's ambitions and desires. Byron found his good angel in his sister Augusta. Charles Lamb and Mary were friends true and tried, and the poet Whittier lived, loved and worked in the delightful companionship of his sister, of whom he said after her death that "the sad measure of his love for her was the vacancy left by her departure."

Italian Etiquette.

If the woman who visits Rome wishes to follow tradition and "do as the Romans do," she will be careful never to take an escort's arm in a Catholic church. Indeed, the guides instruct those who stroll innocently arm in arm about St. Peter's, looking at the pictures, frescoes and altars of that wonderful cathedral, that they are committing an impropriety. Italians are very particular about the etiquette of kissing the hand. A man kisses the right hand of his mother, aunt or elderly friend, and the left hand of his sweetheart. It is not permitted him to kiss the palm of the hand except in great and affectionate intimacy; it is regarded as a token that he is very much in love. Upon arriving at a formal dinner a gentleman takes the hand of his hostess and bows low over it as if about to kiss it, but does not do so. After-dinner etiquette demands that he take her hand again and kiss it.

MEDICAL.



DOCTOR SWEANY

737 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
OPPOSITE EXAMINER OFFICE.

This learned specialist, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but now so well and favorably known throughout the West by his long residence and successful practice in this city, continues to cure all Nervous, Chronic and Private diseases of both sexes. His name is a sufficient guarantee of a prompt and perfect cure of every case he undertakes. Poor treated free on Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Nervous Debility Of every kind, name and nature treated far in advance of any other institution in the West.

Young Men If you are troubled with emissions, exhausting drains, pimples, bashfulness, aversion to society, stupidity, despondency, loss of energy, amnesia, and self-confidence, which deprives you of your manhood and absolutely unfits you for study, business or marriage. If you are thus afflicted, you know the cause. Get cured and be a man.

Middle-aged Men There are thousands of you troubled with weak, aching backs and kidneys; frequent painful urination and sediment in urine; impotency or weakness of sexual organs and other unsatisfactory signs of nervous debility and premature decay. Many die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of animal weakness. The most obstinate cases of this character Dr. Sweany treats with unfailing success.

Private diseases, gleet, gonorrhea, inflammation, discharges, stricture, weakness of or pain, syphilis, hydrocele, varicocele, rupture, piles, fistula, quickly cured without pain or detention from business.

Kidney and Urinary aching in small of back; painful, frequent urination and thick, milky or bloody urine; Bright's disease, bladder, stomach, heart, liver, lung, throat and all constitutional and internal troubles, permanently cured in the shortest possible time.

Blood and Skin diseases, sores, spots, eruptions, pimples, tumors, tetter, itchy, scurf, eczema, and other impurities of the blood, thoroughly eradicated, leaving the system in a strong, pure and healthy state.

Ladies If you are suffering from persistent headaches, painful menstruation, leucorrhoea or whites, intolerable itching, displacement of the womb, or any other distressing ailment peculiar to your sex, you should call on Dr. Sweany without delay. He cures when others fail.

Write your troubles, if living away from the city. Thousands cured at home by correspondence, and medicines sent secure from observation. Book on SPECIAL DISEASES sent free to anyone describing their troubles. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M. Sunday, 10 to 12 A. M. only.

F. L. SWEANY, M. D.,

111 6th 737 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

TREES AND THEIR AGES.

They Are the Only Forms of Nature Which Accurately Record the Years.

Elm, 300 years; ivy, 355 years; maple, 510 years; larch, 570 years; orange, 630 years; cypress, 800 years; olive, 800 years; walnut, 900 years; Oriental plane, 1,000 years; lime, 1,100 years; spruce, 1,200 years; oak, 1,500 years; cedar, 2,000 years; yew, 3,200 years. The way in which the ages of these trees have been ascertained leaves no doubt of its correctness. In some few cases, the data have been furnished by historical records and by traditions, but the botanical archeologists have a resource independent of either, and, when carefully used, infallible.

Of all the forms of nature, trees alone disclose their ages readily and freely. In the stems of trees which have branches and leaves with netted veins—in all exogens, as the botanist would say—the increase takes place by means of an annual deposit of wood, spread in an even layer upon the surface of the preceding one.

In the earlier periods of life trees increase much faster than when adult—the oak, for instance, grows more rapidly between the twentieth and thirtieth years—and when old the annual deposits considerably diminish, so that the strata are thinner and the rings proportionately closer. Some trees slacken in rate of growth at a very early period of life, and layers of oak become thinner after 40, those of the elm after 50, those of the yew after 60.

The Superstitious Turk.

There is no land on earth where more superstitions prevail than that of the unspeakable Turk. Some of them are interesting. If by any chance a sparrow or swallow flies in the window and circles three times around the room it is a sign that a blood relation of some one present is about to die. There are many signs and happenings that are supposed to predict marriage. For instance, if a horse comes when a young girl passes in the street she is positive that her time is nearly come. If her hair becomes unfasted, she knows that she will soon be sought for, and if she goes to eat a peach and finds its kernel split she is equally certain that she will soon be wedded.

The Norse Heretic.

The old Norse idea of the heretic after planned for evil deeds is almost the direct opposite of the orthodox hades. The place of torment for the reprobate soul is not north is called Nastrond, and is directly under the frigidheim, the Scandinavian mythology purgatory. A description of Nastrond as given in the "Prose Edda" (written in Iceland in the thirteenth century) is as follows: "In Nastrond there is a vast and direful structure with doors that face the north. This building is formed entirely of the backs and scales of serpents, walled together like a work. The heads of the serpents themselves are turned toward the inside of the hall, and they continually vomit forth floods of venom, in which souls waste throughout eternity all those who commit murder, adultery, incest, and other crimes, but adds that the evil doors are occasionally bitten by the great dragon Nidhogg."

CHRONICLE-UNION.

THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the

Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California

The Oldest and Leading Paper in

MONO COUNTY.

THE

RELIABLE

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

OF THE COUNTY.

Published Saturdays

THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

THE BEST OF

JOB PRINTING OF

EVERY

DESCRIPTION

AT THE

LOWEST RATES.